

## **Sling Words**

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*influenced by the Primaries of 2012*

The velour jaguar chants  
like a rapper at a jam session,  
devouring his words like blood pudding.  
Rhizomes root on the ground

when an elderly alarm refuels his passion.  
The retch of the street,  
true to their way  
eat their rusk and chew on the meaning,

wondering if it isn't all a bluff.  
Wise were they at that soiree of games,  
swiping a wisp of language to take home,  
a buzz of secrets spooling off their tongues,

the last abuse perjures the crowd into silence.  
This woodcut is a bawdy affair,  
a field full of liars and cheats  
stealing a step nearer to our pocketbooks.

